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"RECIPROCITY."

J. G. B.—Co' boss! co' boss! Come and get some Reciprocity Grass!
THE Cow.—Take this blamed thing off my neck, and I will!



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Keppler & Schwarzmann,

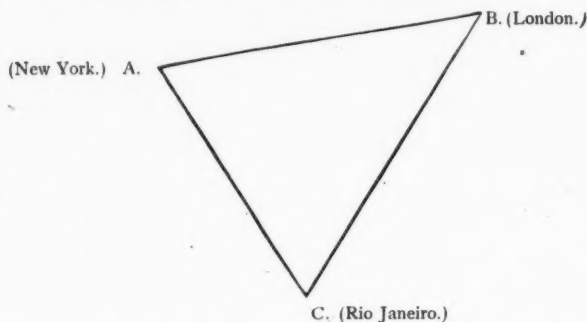
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, February 18th, 1891.—No. 728.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IF YOU WERE to draw a triangle with New York, Rio Janeiro and London at the three points, it would look roughly like this:



This is a figure which Mr. Blaine must use in solving the problem of reconciling his Reciprocity Theory with his High Protective Tariff Theory.

He has before him the interesting job of proving that while the American producer in New York can not compete on equal terms with the English producer in the New York market, which the Englishman can reach only by paying freight and insurance across the ocean, he can undersell that same Englishman in the Brazilian market, to reach which he himself must pay freight and insurance from New York to Rio. This seems to the ordinary mind a very neat specimen of paradox. But Mr. Blaine has never had any objections to paradoxes—in fact, he has never been able to understand the popular prejudice against them. A paradoxical proposition has always been, to his mind, as good as any other—to make a noise with.

But no one except a hand-to-mouth statesman like Mr. Blaine would ever throw a dear little protection baby to the wolves in this heartless way. For people must *sometimes* sit down and reason; and when they do begin to reason out this startling proposition, they can not but see that if an American producer can leave the protected Home Market and undersell, in an unprotected foreign market, the very rival against whom he has to ask for protection at home, he must do it by selling more cheaply abroad than in the place of protection. That is, in this case, he must sell cheap to Brazilians what he sells dear to his fellow-citizens of the United States.

And if he *can* do this: if he can pay freight to British ship-owners to transport his goods to Rio or Para or Bahia or Pernambuco or Ceará, and after that sell these goods cheaper than the Englishman who is supposed to undersell him in United States ports, with what face can he claim that he needs a protective duty to keep him on equal terms with his British competitor? Is not Mr. Blaine putting our martyred manufacturers in a peculiar position? Is Mr. Blaine a Free Trader in disguise?

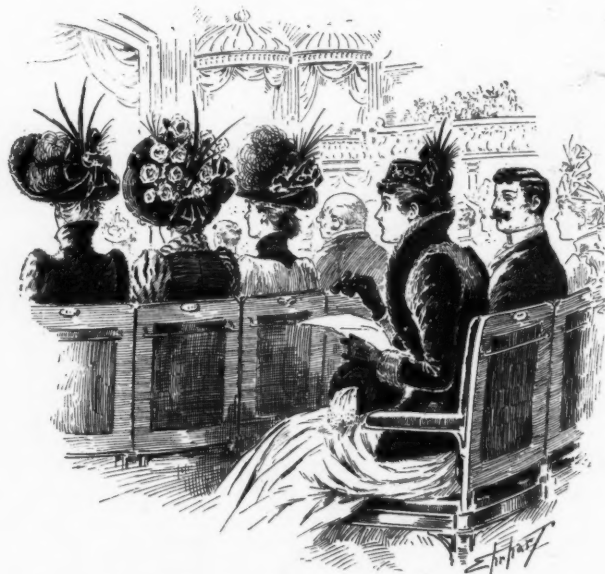
We are afraid that the explanation of his seeming inconsistency is to be found wholly in the fact that Mr. Blaine's policy is, as we have said, a hand-to-mouth policy. He could not but observe that the Democrats' talk, in the last campaign, about enlarging foreign markets and increasing trade "went well," while the Republican glorification of the "Home Market" appealed rather to a full head than to an empty belly. Then, noting further that his colleagues kept up what was, at best, hazardous campaign-buncombe in the cold and unenthusiastic dullness of the "off-years," it occurred to him that it would be a good scheme for him to strike out a separate line for himself and pose as the prophet of good times coming, when all South America should rise up and demand more goods than we could possibly produce, and when every laboring-man should have a chicken in the pot. We do not suppose that he expects to do much, practically, with his scheme. But it is a good, cheerful, popular scheme—to talk about.

We doubt if the scheme will accomplish much; because it will not alter the conditions that have governed our commercial relations with South America for many years. The facts in the case are these. Mr. Blaine probably thinks that he discovered South America when he trotted his sample South Americans around the country. But South America had discovered the United States long before. The South American merchants (the Brazilians especially) are shrewd, well-educated, money-making men, closely allied—not only in business, but by marriage—with the most energetic and active classes of Englishmen and Germans. They come here frequently; they travel widely: many of them received their education in this country. They know us, and they know just how far they can make us useful to themselves. They know that our whole commercial and manufacturing system is founded on a vast scheme of artificially inflated prices, forever threatening panics and lesser disturbances, and that they can find their account far better in trading with England, Germany and France.

There is, of course, a sort of back-door trade in many American products. There are many houses that issue "confidential" catalogues, offering South Americans goods at prices far below those which the plain North American citizen is obliged to pay. But this is, under all circumstances, an awkward way of doing business: it can not grow into a healthy trade. And in most of the lines in which our skill, taste and ingenuity enable us to produce more attractive goods than Europe can offer, we are handicapped by our absurd tariff on raw materials. Unless Mr. Blaine extends his reciprocity idea to take in the whole world, or, in other words, gives us Free Trade, plain and simple, we can not see how his present programme gets through or over or around this one great obstacle to our triumphant march upon the South American market.

This odd, half-thought-out, happy-go-lucky move of Mr. Blaine's is characteristic in its "smartness" of the man; in its futility, of his party in these days of its decadence. There is no more unpractical man than the practical politician, when he has to deal with other men's business. And when politicians have got politics down to an office-brokerage business, they have to give too much time to their own curious and vexatious trade to have time to study the commercial condition of the nation. There are sections of the country where less is known, to the square inch, of the real needs and wants of the people than is known in Washington. But they have not been homesteaded yet.

There is, and there must always be—until the millennium changes men's hearts—a selfish side to politics. That there is also an unselfish side is all that makes the profession honorable. When that unselfish side is wholly forgotten, and selfish pride or greed alone becomes the beginning and end of the politician's activity, the profession is degraded into a base and pitiful trade. The Republicans have brought it as low, within the last few years, as it is likely to be brought in this country. No better proof of this fact could be given than the marvelous and strangely variegated display of ignorance they have made in their handling of the tariff business, from first to last. They are ignorant because they do not care to know better; because they are, as a party, long dead to all interest in the people's welfare, and, more lately, dead to the people's favor and confidence, according to the verdict of the coroner's jury that sat last November.



ALL FOR A DOLLAR AND A HALF.

MISS LEFFIE DE RIDEAU.—What can we possibly see in this seat?

MR. NAT. YOURALIST.—Why, a great variety of things—birds, flowers, insects, animals, and shrubbery.



LOVE'S ANODYNE.

DR. CUSPID GRINDER'S ante-chamber. PAULINE sitting at table covered with the usual periodicals and stereoscopic views.

PAULINE (*shivering*).—What a pokerish place! Although I know that there is n't a thing to be done to my teeth, I feel as if I were to have them all pulled without delay—or anesthetics. (*Groans from within.*) Just hear that! Why do dentists always have all the comic papers? I'm sure I can never look at *Cap-and-Bells* again without associating it with lamentations and the odor of carbolic acid.

DR. GRINDER (*within*).—Now, then, my dear sir—

THE PATIENT (*within*).—Yah! O Doctor! Don't!

PAULINE (*irritably*).—What a fuss a man makes if anything hurts him! But a woman—(*Sighs.*) I don't believe Bertie—Mr. Bangs—suffered half so much as I did when our engagement was broken, for all the agonies he pretended; and by this time he's probably consoled himself with that Cousin Clara of his—while I—(*sighs again*)—am p-p-perfectly miser—(*Starts up.*) No, I'm not! and he may marry his Cousin Clara, if he likes, and be happy with her—if he can—

(*Enter abruptly, clasping both hands to his swollen face, scowling, dishevelled, unshaven YOUNG MAN, who assaults door of operating room.*)

THE YOUNG MAN.—Doctor! Doctor!

PAULINE (*agitated—apart*).—It's B-B-Ber—Mr. Bangs!

THE DOCTOR (*within*).—Kindly wait a few minutes, sir. I'm about to administer gas—

BERTIE (*eagerly*).—Gas! That's just what I want—quick, Doctor!

THE DOCTOR.—You must wait, please.

BERTIE.—But I've a most infernal tooth—oh, oh!

THE DOCTOR.—The patient in the chair has three of them.

BERTIE.—And it's kept me awake all the night.

THE DOCTOR.—The patient in the chair has n't slept for a week.

BERTIE.—And I'm almost crazy.

THE DOCTOR.—The patient in the chair is entirely so. You really must wait. (*To PATIENT.*) Now, open your mouth wide and breathe long.

BERTIE (*desperate*).—Confound the patient in the chair—confound the Doctor—curse my tooth—everything be hanged! (*Stumbles blindly across room and plumps upon sofa, face downward.*)

PAULINE (*much perturbed*).—He has n't seen me! What a temper he has! I'm a fortunate girl to have escaped marriage with a person who has so little self-command—who uses such improper language—

BERTIE (*thrashing about*).—Great Scott!

PAULINE (*tremulously*).—He does suffer terribly! Why is n't that Cousin Clara of his here to soothe him?—He certainly needs it.

BERTIE (*writhing*).—O-O-O-Oh! O-O-O-Oh!

PAULINE (*half crying*).—Poor fellow—poor, poor boy! I won't go near him—it would n't be proper—no, I won't—no, no! (*Darts to sofa.*) I beg your pardon—sir—but your tooth seems painful—

BERTIE (*without looking up*).—Devil—extremely painful.

PAULINE (*apart*).—Even if he does n't know me, that's no reason why he should kick when I speak to him. (*Aloud.*) Permit me to apply this cologne. It may relieve you.

BERTIE (*still face downward*).—Thank you, Madam. Oh, Jupiter!

PAULINE (*apart*).—Madam! Does my voice sound as old as that?

THE DOCTOR (*within*).—A little more gas, sir.

THE PATIENT (*within*).—Woo-ah! Whuh!

PAULINE (*tenderly*).—How does this feel!

BERTIE (*gratefully*).—Oh, delicious, thank you. Pray excuse me—not rising—but—Jerusalem, that tooth! Oh!

PAULINE (*more tenderly*).—Let me arrange the pillow. There, that's better. This is the painful cheek, is n't it?

BERTIE.—Yes—uh!—yes. Your hand makes it easier, Madam.

PAULINE (*apart*).—Madam again! Does my hand feel as old as that?

THE DOCTOR (*within*).—Only one left. Breathe long.

THE PATIENT (*within*).—Huh! Wooh!

BERTIE (*in fresh paroxysm*).—Oh, Moses! Oh, my tooth!

PAULINE (*sobbing*).—It's too bad—you poor, dear, blessed, darling!

BERTIE (*looking up, amazed*).—What's that? What is she saying?

PAULINE (*apart*).—Oh, what will I do—or he?

BERTIE (*springing to feet*).—Pauline!

PAULINE (*retreating behind table*).—Sir!

THE DOCTOR (*within*).—It'll soon be over. One more wrench.

BERTIE (*rushing upon her*).—Pauline! How good you are! I had n't the least idea it was you!

PAULINE (*waving him back*).—So I perceived.

BERTIE.—You'll pardon me for lying there, instead of—

PAULINE (*coldly*).—Instead of what, Mr. Bangs? I did only what any humane person would do for any suffering—creature.

BERTIE (*regaining his wits a trifle*).—Then you are willing to relieve suffering creatures?

PAULINE (*stiffly*).—Of course.

BERTIE (*all ardor*).—Relieve me, then; for I'm one—I don't mean toothache but heartache—ever since we broke off—I've been wretched!

PAULINE (*enchanted*).—Have you, really?

BERTIE (*seizing her*).—Yes, indeed, I have—but it's all right now, is n't it, dear? Here's the old ring. I've always kept it with me.

PAULINE (*irresolute*).—But—but—your Cousin Clara?

BERTIE (*persisting*).—Will be the wife of my Cousin Jack next week. And they were engaged—when—when we were!

PAULINE (*surrendering*).—O Bertie!

THE DOCTOR (*within*).—Not quite through. One little dig more.

PAULINE (*very earnestly*).—But—Bertie, do you think it quite right to let yourself be fussed over by a woman—a perfect stranger?

BERTIE (*puzzled*).—Why—I—but you were n't a perfect stranger.

PAULINE.—No; but you did n't know that.

BERTIE.—You would n't have had me say: "Go away!" would you?

PAULINE (*laughing and crying*).—Oh, don't ask questions, Bertie. What is the matter with me? It's what was and always will be the matter with me as long as I live, you simple old boy—being a woman, that's all. You never could understand. But I—yes, I do love you, Bertie, and you may put the ring on again—so!

THE DOCTOR (*within*).—There, you'll never have any trouble, rest assured. It's all gone. (*Entering.*) Now, if you please, sir.

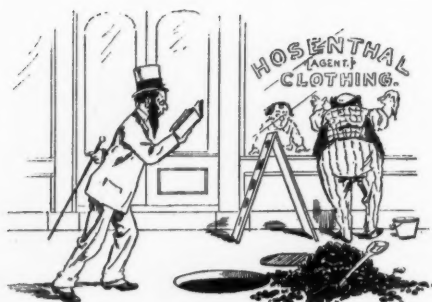
BERTIE (*surprised*).—What is it, Doctor? What do you want?

THE DOCTOR (*equally surprised*).—To attend to that terrific toothache, of course.

BERTIE.—Toothache? Why, did I have one?

Manley H. Pike.

HOW HOSENTHAL AVOIDED A SUIT FOR DAMAGES.



I.

HELD HER TOO CHEAPLY.

"Sir, this familiarity must cease instantly!"

"But, Alice—"

"I will not stand it! You call me the star of your existence, and then try to treat me as though I were a chorus girl."

THE GREAT ORIGINAL.

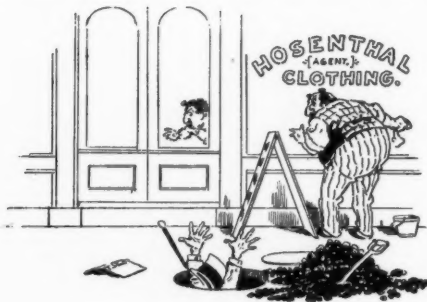
"Who was the author of 'Nothing To Wear'?"

"Eve, I guess."

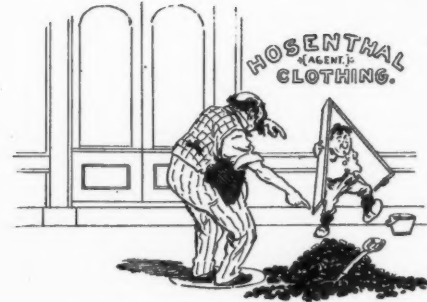
UP IN THE ATTIC.

"Did you sit in the stalls at the opera?"

"No. I was 'way upstairs, in the oper-attic."



II.



III.

CURIOUS TRANSFORMATION.

"What's that bird over there?" asked Araminta.

"That's a parrot," answered the dealer.

"I know that. I mean, how much is it?"

"Oh! It's an eagle."

NOT REMUNERATIVE.

"It's all very well to talk of writing for posterity," sighed the poet; "but posterity is n't editing any magazines."

A GREAT MIND.

"That man has a wonderful memory."

"How does he show it?"

"He never leaves his rubbers in a restaurant."



IV.

IN DARKEST NEW YORK.

"Why do they always take a prisoner's money from him before locking him in a cell at the police station?"

"So as to prevent him buying his way out."

HIS LENTEN SACRIFICE.



GENTLY THEY paced the busy street,
With its windows all a-glow;
"I have given up candy for Lent," she said,
In a tone intense and low.

He could have capered and danced for joy,
But he curbed himself in time,
And softly whispered: "You little saint,
Your courage is just sublime."

"But flowers," she said, "I may still accept;
Then he shivered with speechless fright,
For flowers are dearer than candy, far,
And he saw himself beggared, quite.

But a sudden thought to his brain brought peace,
"How strange," he sighed, "are the powers
That mold our will, for it happens, dear,
I have given up buying flowers."

Madeline S. Bridges.

BOUND TO JOIN THE FAMILY.

JACK SMALLCASH (to rich widow's daughter).—Dearest Emily, will you be my wife?

EMILY ROCKEBILT.—Oh, Mr. Smallcash! This is so very unexpected! I think—I think—perhaps you had better ask Mama.

JACK SMALLCASH.—I have, already, my love; but she refused me.

A FORBIDDING CHARACTER.

"I don't like the ossified man," confided the fat woman in the museum to the living skeleton.

"Nor I," replied His Bonelets; "I can't abide him. He never unbends."

MONEY IN IT.

HURLY.—What business are you in now, Burlap?

BURLY.—I'm a stock broker.

HURLY.—They say there's a good deal of money in that business.

BURLY (dolefully).—Well, there's a good deal of my money.

TOO MUCH LIKE WORK.

BREEZY WHISKERS.—Hello, Burlap, what'd yer get?

BURLAP PETE.—A chicken an' all the fixin's.

BREEZY WHISKERS.—Phew! Did yer get it fer nothin'?

BURLAP PETE.—Naw; I had ter ask for it.

A QUESTION OF THE FUTURE.

HE.—Shall we take the elevated cars or the underground, dear?

SHE (lovingly and confidently).—The tunnel, love.

AN IMPRESSIONIST.

"Almost all de Feuilleton's work is so disjointed. His essays are always broken up by lines of stars. What's the sense of that?"

"They indicate the places where he dipped his pen into the mucilage bottle, and stopped abruptly to make a few remarks. The stars represent the remarks."

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

"What did Miss Leftover do when she awoke and found the burglar in her room—scream?"

"Not much. She transfixed him with her cold, gray eye, pointed to the door, and hissed: 'Leave me!'"

"What did the burglar do?"

"He explained that he had no notion of taking her."



A WEATHER VANE.

BILL.—De wind's nor'east, Jim.

JIM.—How d'yer know it is?

BILL.—Git onto "His Whiskers."

NUEVA YORK.

A STUDY IN COLOR. — *With Apologies to Mr. Lafcadio Hearn.*

RICH YELLOW SUN, spotted with warm orange tints, shading to mellow purple, pours its lemon-hued rays on the pansy-colored pavements of La Ciudad de Nueva York.

Come, let us take a walk. We will follow the windings of Broadway from Fourteenth Street to the Battery. Broadway, with its

myriad cross-streets, resembling the pale straw-colored back-bone of a shad.

You, who have poetical souls, must marvel at the strange beauties of the scene: the scores of handsome pink-skinned men, with the knotted muscles of athletes; the beves of pretty rose-colored women, lithe as cats; the children, of celestial hue, forming a silhouette against the wickedness of the city. We stop and say: "Where have I seen all this before? In Moscow? No. In Venice? Ye—no. In Hoboken? Yes. *Fer-de lance j'ai tout Obboka.* It was Hoboken." But let us hasten to the Battery!

II.

On the way we meet huge giants, robed in cerulean blue, each with a torso and a club.

We note that the primeval yellow of the soles of their shoes has been turned by the city's dust to something more like mud color.

As we stand admiring them, a youth, also clothed in blue, passes us with the speed of a whirlwind, and is soon lost to sight in the human stream. It was a messenger-boy.

Here comes an oblong vehicle whose color reminds one of a field of yellow grass bespangled with sunflowers. It is drawn by two magnificent steeds—one cream, the other, broiled-ham color. Their shoes of rusty brown stand out in perfect silhouette against the grey Belgian blocks. It is a Broadway car, driven by Bellerephon himself, one would almost say. Here comes another van, the Marie Noir, or Black Maria, painted white. Those within, I am told, are seldom natives. Their ancestors climbed the sunny pink-embowered slopes of Vesuvius, and, mayhap, spat in the crater, or plucked the carmine-colored peat in the bogs of County Derry.

But—let us hasten to the Battery!

III.

On one single block on Broadway, just above Worth Street, I counted twenty-seven colors! They were in a book of silk samples. No bird of Paradise flaunting its feathers in the gorgeously painted Himalayan jungles by the shore of the simmering, shimmering Indian Ocean, ever had plumage whose hues were so startlingly beautiful as these in the heart of a commercial city.

But let us hasten—to the Battery!

IV.

"Je suis Babette,
Tous dans Corvete."

That is the song of a Hercules of the Police as he strides along his beat, past old brown Trinity, with its rainbow windows, his huge feet ringing a rhythmic and musical cadence to the words. He, too, is from County Derry. Hence his song.

We ask him the way to the Battery; and he points with his club, assuming an attitude like nothing so much as the great group of the Laocoon in the Winter Palace at Lourdes.

V.

At last the Battery!

"Robair, Robair, toi qui j'aime jam bair."

"The sparrows, the sparrows, when will they escape?"

Thus chants a veritable Demigod, dressed in a "suit of simple gray." His whiskers are as warm in color as a humid sun.

Armed with mace and protected by his shield, he walks the Battery, guarding the immigrants, and "the scourge of the Parks," the sparrow.

Yes; this is one of the far-famed "sparrow police!"

Walk we by winding ways to Castle Garden. Here can we revel in tints. The hash-brown of the Tuscan, the radish-heart pink of the Saxon, the Excelsior stuffing yellow of the Dane, the catsup-hued Muscovite, the beet-pink Swede, the tomato-colored English, the cucumber-hued Greenhorn from—County Derry; these and many more colors so blend with the rich foliage and grasses of the Park that we forget them all in a dreamy reverie.

I.



UNDERSTATED HIS ABILITIES.

"You can't walk straight or talk straight or do anything straight."
"Thaz all you know 'bout it. Been drinkin' whizgy straigh' all evenin'."

VI.

Now old Sol is setting, and flooding the waters of the gray-green-blue bay with thirty colors, seventeen tints, and six half-tones, and we must take leave of Nueva York, the "City of the Eternal Harbor."

Wait for the peroration.

VII.

From the sibilant wastes of a dusky futurity, enhanced by crystalline tinklings of leafy bowers, come the drowsy murmurs of olive-tinted, fleece-covered cloud-lets. The rich, wan, red moon casts its dun beams on castle and store-house alike, and from the beryl-framed casement of an ivory mosque, a velvet-throated peri, with golden voice, sings in Celestial tones:

"I am the Captain o' the Brardway shquad
O' the Methropolitan M. P's,
An' the gur-r-rls they cry
As I go by:
'Oh, there's Mo—riarity!'"

Chas. Battell Loomis.



A MAGICAL EFFECT.

MR. ELISHA GOUP.—Have you got a seat for to-night, well down in front?

TICKET-SELLER (sizing him up).—No, sir; the only seats I have left are in the last row in the balcony.



MR. GOUP (removing hat and wig).—Can't you do any better for a head like that?

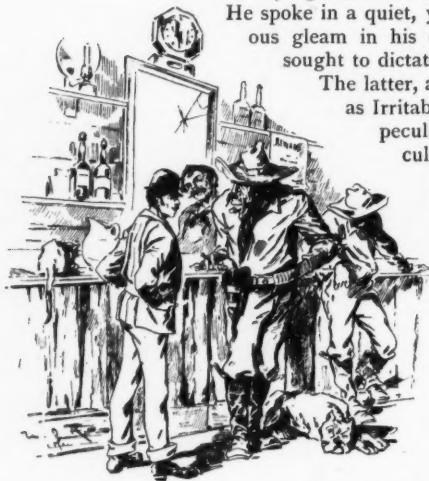
TICKET-SELLER.—Well, I guess so! How will A 1. on the centre aisle of the orchestra suit you?

THE TRAGEDY OF RED GULCH.

A GENUINE BORDER ROMANCE.

"I WILL TAKE lemonade."

The speaker was a slightly built man, below medium height, quietly but tastefully arrayed in a neatly fitting suit, that half revealed a lithe, sinewy figure, endowed with wonderful strength and activity. He spoke in a quiet, yet firm tone, and there was an ominous gleam in his eyes that boded ill to the bully who sought to dictate the nature of his refreshment.



The latter, a typical desperado of the West, known as Irritable Johnson, so called by reason of the peculiar fragility of his temper, was of herculean proportions, and towered far above the unassuming stranger. A casual observer would have deemed it madness on the part of the stranger, to unite in combat with so powerful an antagonist.

"I will take lemonade." It is still the stranger; as this is the sole remark he makes, it is only fair to let him work it in twice.

"Look 'e here, young feller, this yere's no church soshable, er Sunday-school lay-out, 'n' if yer expect ter mingle with gents while yer tarry et these here diggin's, yer gotter

waltz right up tu ther bar 'n' fill yer skin up with red eye, same 's th' rest uv us."

It was a dramatic scene; the two men, so strongly contrasted, facing each other in front of the rude bar, while grouped picturesquely about stood a dozen or more cow-boys, miners, stage villains, etc., enjoying the discomfiture of the stranger.

"Wa-al, is it whiskey, er not?" demanded Irritable Johnson.

There was a flash in the stranger's eye that should have warned his cowardly aggressor; the muscles of his face became set and tense; his shapely but powerful hands closed together with a vice-like grip, and he seemed to be nerving himself for some superhuman effort. In a cold, hard voice, and between clinched teeth, he muttered "leminade;" then, quick as a flash, his right arm shot out straight from the shoulder, with incredible force, just failing to reach Irritable Johnson's left eye, while his left hand administered a stinging blow to the atmosphere hovering near the bully's right ear, then, with the ferocity of a tiger, his eyes ablaze, he permitted his collar to be seized by Irritable Johnson, who waved him vehemently about, with a rotary motion, which he alternated from time to time, with a vertical and somewhat eccentric shoulder exercise, that rattled the stranger's recently clinched teeth, and recalled forcibly to the minds of the on-lookers the motion and accompaniment of a Spanish dance.

At length Mr. Johnson deposited the stranger under an adjacent table, where inquiry developed the fact that he did not possess sufficient energy to even partake of diluted seltzer.

Aside from the artistic excellence of this little prose pastel, we glean therefrom the gratifying information that the casual observer, despite his traditional incompetency in all matters demanding intelligent judgement, is not always fallacious in his surmises; also, that the Wild Western Terror occasionally reaches his destination.

H. L. Wilson.

A SWELL TURN-OUT — Convexity.

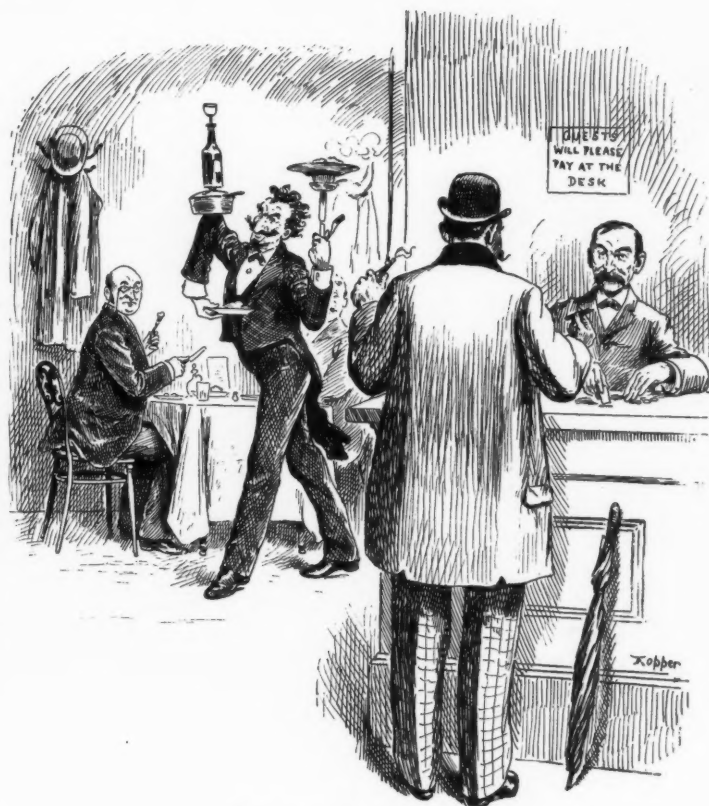
MANUAL LABOR — Compiling a Textbook.

A FRIEND INDEED — The Old-fashioned Quaker.

HARD TO BEAT — Your Way.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS NOT INEBRIATES — Hiccough.

THE MAN who is a long time making up his mind, may arrive at a correct judgement; but it is generally too late to be of any use to him,



MERELY TEMPORARY.

CUSTOMER. — For goodness's sake, where did you get that waiter?

PROPRIETOR. — That's Sangvolli, the juggler. It's his dull season, just now, and he's filling in a little time with me. He's quite an attraction for the customers.

UNFORTUNATE.

"You've broken that lecture item off nicely," said the Editor to the Foreman.

"How so?"

"You've cut off all the names of those present but two, and made me say: 'Scattered through the hall were J. Bronson Smithers and Mrs. Smithers.'"

STUDIO AMENITIES.

"There's one thing about you, d'Auber, that I can't understand," said Scumble.

"What is that, old fellow?"

"That with your unequalled taste in art you should have such a large collection of your own pictures."



HER NATURAL PROTECTOR.

OFFICER. — May I help you across, lady?

MRS. MONTMORENCI. — Here comes my husband.

OFFICER. — Well, the other policeman will help him over.

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING — The Old-fashioned Garret.

A NERVOUS AFFECTION — A Man's on the Eve of Proposal.

A RELIABLE TRADE-MARK — Hardened Hands.

LIFE IS the little "busy be!"

A STAGE NAME — Omnibus.

SAGE-BRUSH — A Quarrel Between Philosophers.

WE ALL RESPECT those who know more than we do; but we don't wish them to run our business.

A CANDIDATE FOR OFFICE is very much like a drowning man. All the mean acts of his life are quickly brought up before him.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.



SINCE WE began to serve time on this planet, we have read many *vers de société*, and we think them a severe punishment for the crime of having been born. We think, too, that the writers of these verses are not sufficiently punished by one term here, and that they ought to be born again.

We inveigh not against society verses *per se*, but against the unfitting way in which they are written. Certainly, and we hasten to say this, if society verses were written in a style worthy of their professed subject, there could be no nobler reading; there could be no reading so noble. But they must be written in keeping. They must be marked by that massy intelligence and by that perfection of language by which society is marked. The language of society is a thing by itself. It is lofty, exquisite, finished; it is—but we can not give any conception of this language to those who have not been in what we call “the charmed circle.” I think that’s what we call it.

We are not a poet ourself—at least we have never been recognized as such, and we prefer not to argue the matter with a bull-headed populace—but we purpose to give a slight illustration of what *vers de société* would be, if properly written.

“OH, CHAHMING, I SAY, IS LOVE!”

Oh, chahming, I say, is love,
And chahming is stately Gwace.
As blue is huh blood as the skies above;
She comes of a wholesale wace.

Bah Jove, ’t was a swaggah dinnah;
Huh Gov’naw has famous wine;
And now I walk the piazza
With huh of the eyes divine.

I say—if the wind’s now wising,
And—I say—how the twees all shake;
And down on the chahming sea-shaw
The chahming billows bweak.

My soul is a sea of feeling,
Its waves wun a mad, mad wace;
My haht and my bwain are weeling
With love for the stately Gwace.

“Miss Heeled—could an awful sinnah—
Could you fahncy me, doncherknow?”

Bah Jove, then, and I’m a winnah!
Cahn you fahncy me joy, ye know?”

Williston Fish.



TAKEN AS A THREAT.

CONDUCTOR.—If you don’t keep your head inside the car-window, you’ll have it knocked off!

ROONEY.—Knocked off, is it? Well, it won’t be knocked off by any wun the size of youse, yer bandy-legged blue spider!



SOUND ADVICE.

DAISY FLUTTER.—Oh, Maisy, I don’t know what to do. Old Mr. Doddering and Jack Margin have both proposed, and—

MAISY MARIGOLD.—Take Doddering. He’s already rich and already old. Jack is not sure of getting rich, but he is sure of getting old.

HE ALSO BROKE THE RECORD.

“Did you make any good resolutions on New Year’s, Michael?”

“Yes, sor.”

“And I’ll wager you’ve already broken all you made.”

“Yes, sor; and some I did n’t make.”

IF YOU SEE IT IN THE — IT’S SO.

“Why are you so sure Hill is the coming man for President?”

“I saw it in a paper my uncle sent me.”

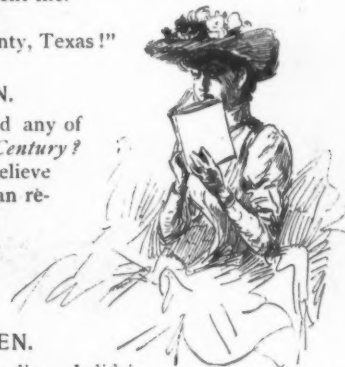
“Where does your uncle live?”

“Rattlesnake Gulch, Lynch County, Texas!”

A LITERARY OPINION.

MAGGIE ZENE.—Have you read any of these “Talleyrand Memoirs” in the *Century*?

ADDIE PAGE.—Yes; but I believe they’re made up. No man living can remember as far back as he claims to be able to. Why, he writes about Benedict Arnold, and says he knew Alexander Hamilton.



AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

GEORGE.—Yes, sir, I can not tell a lie—I did it.

WASHINGTON, SR.—Well, that’s all right about the lie, but (*whack!*) d’ye think (*whack!*) you can tell a cherry-tree (*whack! whack!*) next time?

SURE TO ATTRACT.

“I want a pseudonym to write over. I want one that will attract attention.”

“Why don’t you try ‘James Russell Lowell?’”

A VOICE FROM THE MUD.

BEATTIE.—I have a theory for cleaning the streets.

CITIZEN.—Why don’t you try a shovel?

“LOST IN LONDON”—Parnell’s Grip.

G. W. WAS THE only one that ever got out of the hack business without having told a lie.



GONE WHERE THE
WITH NO HOPE OF RESURRECTION UNLESS THE DEMOCRAT



THE BAD PARTIES GO.
THE DEMOCRATS COMMIT SUICIDE WITH A FREE COINAGE BILL.

CARLYLE SMITH'S CYCLOPEDIA OF ANECDOTES.

DOCTOR JOHNSON'S TRIBUTE TO REYNOLDS.

Doctor Johnson's ready wit has become proverbial.

"Good morning, Oliver," quoth he to Goldsmith one morning, meeting the modest author on the Strand. "Whither away?"

"To Sir Joshua's," replied Goldsmith.

"And wherefore, O modest Noll! do you seek Sir Joshua?" queried Samuel.

"To have my portrait painted."

"Just my luck!" retorted Johnson, like a flash. "I've lost my bet."

"Have you a bet?" said Goldsmith, with a show of interest.

"Yes. I bet Garrick five bob you would not be immortal; but, by the gods, if Reynolds paints you, I've lost." Goldsmith smiled weakly and passed on.

JOHNSON'S RETORT TO GOLDSMITH.

On another occasion, Johnson and Goldsmith having met at Mrs. Thrale's, Goldsmith endeavored to get Johnson to praise him before the company.

"Doctor," he said, "I am told your admiration for me is extravagant!"

"No, sir," roared the Doctor. "It is d—d cheap."

A SHAFT AT BOSWELL.

A learned divine, in an argument with Johnson, asserted: "Sir, God is everywhere."

"Like Boswell's nose," returned the Doctor, with a glance at his shadow.

For reasons best known to Boswell, this has been omitted from his Life of the author of Rasselas.

GARRICK'S ESTIMATE.

Garrick, upon being asked whether or not he thought Hamlet crazy, replied that he really did not know, but judged he might be if he ever saw himself played by Barry.

The value of this witticism is somewhat destroyed by the suspicion of its having been inspired by professional jealousy.

COLUMBUS'S IGNORANCE.

"What think you, Colon," asked the Spanish Queen, "of Tennyson?" "Madame," returned the great explorer, "I never heard of Tennyson."

OLIVER CROMWELL AND CHARLES.

Charles the First, upon meeting Cromwell for the first time, rallied the latter upon the now historic wart which the Protector wore.



"Why dost thou not remove thy wart, O Cromwell?" asked the King.

"Because, O Charles! I wish to save me knife."

"And, prithee, wherefore?"

"Your Highness will discover later," returned Oliver, coldly.

The chill effect of this speech upon the King was such that he was laid up with a sore throat for the next six weeks.



ANOTHER OF CROMWELL'S SALLIES.

Shortly after the King's execution, Cromwell was asked why he had wished the King's head cut off?

"To keep His Majesty from getting round-shouldered," was his sage response.

CASSIUS AS A WIT.

It is told of Cassius that when on the day of Cæsar's assassination, Cæsar having remarked, upon receiving a thrust from Brutus's dagger, "I am lost!" he—Cassius—observed:

"Thou wouldst do well to advertise, offering a reward for thyself."

"It is too late," retorted Cæsar.

"Nay, too early," replied Cassius.

"And why?" asked Cæsar, sinking to the floor of the Senate House.

"Because there are as yet no newspapers in which to advertise."

Had Cæsar lived, he would doubtless have laughed, since he was great enough to enjoy a joke at his own expense.



DUMAS AND MONTE CRISTO.

"Dumas," said Balzac, "if you were writing Monte Cristo over again, would you do it again as you did it first?"

"Not exactly. In the main it would have been the same."

"In what respect would you have altered it?"

"In no respect—I should have augmented it."

"And how?"

"By sending the Count to the United States Senate for a term. He was rich enough, Heaven knows."

It was this jest that enabled Balzac to realize why Dumas was considered worthy to associate with the Immortals.



Carlyle Smith.

PERFECT CONTENT.

ROBINSON.—Don't you think that since Brown married that little woman and settled down, he is the happiest and most contented man you ever saw?

SMITH.—With one exception. I saw a countryman in a railroad car to-day, sitting face to the aisle, with his hat on the back of his head, his knees in the air, and both feet on the seat, while he ate two pounds of figs out of a paper-bag. With that exception, I never saw a more contented man than Brown.

NATURE DOES NOT CHANGE.

BELLAMY.—If the theories of Socialism were adopted, sir, men would live as happily as children do now.

SMITH.—Yes; each one watching greedily to see that nobody else got a bigger apple!

TWO VIEWS.

MISS PUGH.—But don't you think it's improper to introduce the clergy on the stage?

MR. BOXE.—Why, no; some of them are good enough actors, it seems to me!

HE OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN.

COCHRAN.—I suppose your name on this umbrella indicates that it belongs to you?

GILROY.—Which, the name or the umbrella?

COCHRAN.—The name, of course.

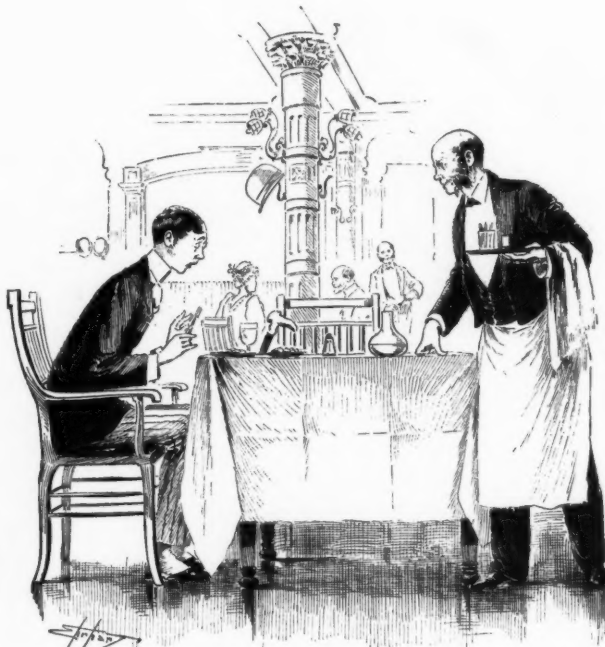
HE STRUCK THE COOK COUNTY CHORD.

EDWIN.—Miss Packinbox—sweet Angeline—

ANGELINA.—Well, I must say you have sand!

EDWIN.—Let me mix it with your sugar, and we will go into business together.

ANGELINA.—Ask Papa, Eddy!



A DEADLY INSULT.

DUDESON.—Aw, I say, waihtah, what is this dish hyah?

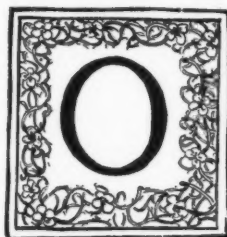
WAITER.—That, sir? Macaroni au Chappie, sir.

DUDESON.—Macawoni au Chappie? Ah—ah—what's that, pway?

WAITER.—Macaroni and calves brains, sir.



THE OLD, OLD STORY.



ONCE UPON A "Fly Time" I observed "The Small Boy" who broke "Fred-dy's Slate" "Out Doors" with the other "Kids" he could pick up "Round Town." I decided to "Just Dog" their footsteps as they went "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" "On the Road," and soon brought up at a "Suburban" place where "The National Game" was being played by members of the "Profesh." Entering the grand stand I heard "The Summer Boarder" from "Out West" cry "Help." One of the player's "Hayseed Hits" had "Just Landed" on his "Chin," damaging it so badly that a man in the "Show Business," who deals in "Freaks" and "Job Lots," made him a good offer at once.

I then sat down near "Brudder Shinbones," who was narrating "Darktown Doings" to a number of "Our Foreign Fellow Citizens," who listened eagerly to his tales of "Human Nature," "Dumb Critters," "Bunco," "Household Happenings" and the "Ups and Downs" of life generally. With my concealed camera I next proceeded to take a few "Snap Shots." I first got the "Funny Baby" and the man who writes the "City Sketches" for the daily "Chow-Chow." Then I focussed the "Very Young Man" who was declaring the passion of his "Hi' Art" to his "Best Girl," who was a member of "Sas-siety," while he worked in a "Shop" and lived in "The Great American Boarding-House." She was apparently "All at Sea," and was asking herself the question: "Is Marriage a Failure?" She doubted if living on a small salary in the

"Cold Days" to come would be any "Fun at Zero."

The writer regrets that, having used up all of the titles of the numbers of PUCK'S LIBRARY, which have been issued up to date, he is obliged to end the above story thus abruptly. But a small check is better than none, when it can be got without working for it.

S. M. H.

HIS WAY.

MCKINLEY.—I know a sure way of settling the quarrel over the sealing privileges.

BLAINE.—Well?

MCKINLEY.—Raise the duty on silk plushes about 5,000 per cent.

A TRADE SECRET.

MANSFIELD.—What is the difference between the dramatic critic and the dramatic editor?

WINTER.—The critic carves the play on the opening night, and the editor puffs it during the remainder of the engagement.

ANOTHER LOTTERY SWINDLE.

"They made about three thousand dollars out of the fair at our church last night."
"Any arrests?"

NO CREDIT TO HIM.

"We may sell spirits, but we are no spiritual-ists," said the disgusted bartender.

"What is the trouble?" asked Colonel Nipper.
"Old Soque was in for his toddy, and wanted to know if I practiced slate writing."

REASON ENOUGH.

"Why do Indians call their Heaven the happy hunting grounds?"

"There are no Indian agents there."



A CONFIDENTIAL CONVERSATION.

EURIPIDES.—I say, old man, I'm out of luck. My last play fell quite flat.

ARISTOPHANES.—I tell you what I'll do. I'll satirize you unmercifully in my next comedy; and just see if that don't give you a boom!

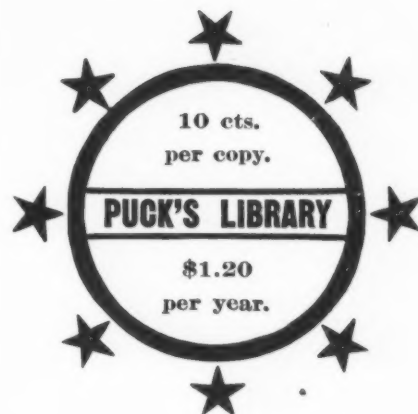
AN OBJECT OF SYMPATHY.

"On what grounds did Henshaw get his pension? I never heard that he did any fighting during the war."

"He did n't; but he claims his sympathies were enlisted."

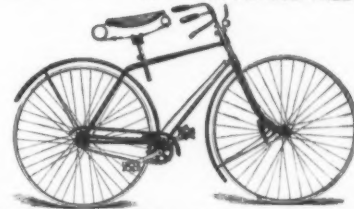
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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



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—N. Y. Medical Record.

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"I've learned a whole column of spellings and
meanings," exclaimed Bessie.

"Do you understand what you have learned?"
asked her sister.

"Of course I do; just hear me. It begins
with 'anarchy,' a-n-a-r-c-h-y, anarchy—confu-
sion, disorder, misrule."

"Before you go any further," said her sister,
"put that word into a sentence."

Bessie thought for a moment, and then said,
triumphantly: "Did any one ever see such an
untidy place! Sarah Jane, come in here with
your broom and sweep up this anarchy."—*Kate*
Field's Washington.

CORRECT.

TEACHER.—To what circumstance is Colum-
bus indebted for his fame?

TOMMY.—To the circumstance that America
was not already discovered.—*Texas Siftings.*

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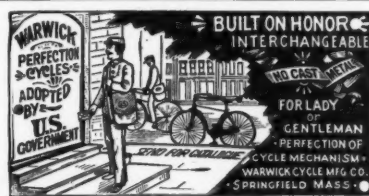
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HE CARRIES ONE IN HIS BONNET.

"The bee-keepers have finally recognized the Presidential bee," remarked Skimmings.

"In what way?" asked Allcreme.

"At their annual convention at Albany they elected Governor Hill an honorary member."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

MEDICAL ITEM.

"Doctor, I came to see about my brother."

"What is the matter with him?"

"One of his legs is shorter than the other, and he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of that kind?"

"I am afraid I should limp, too."—*Ex.*

A WAY OUT.

ANGLOMANIAC.—That's the way it goes. If we hunt foxes, folks say we're cruel; if we hunt aniseed bags, folks laugh at us. What can we hunt, without exciting indignation or ridicule?

SMALL BOY.—Rats! — *Street & Smith's Good News.*

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CUTICURA

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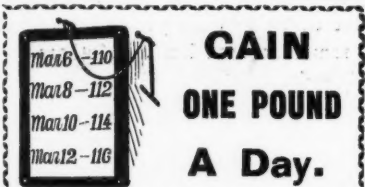
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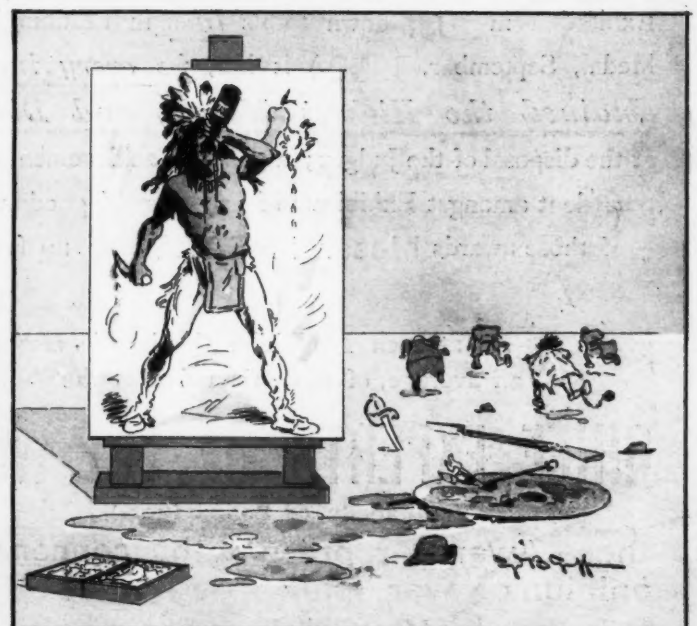
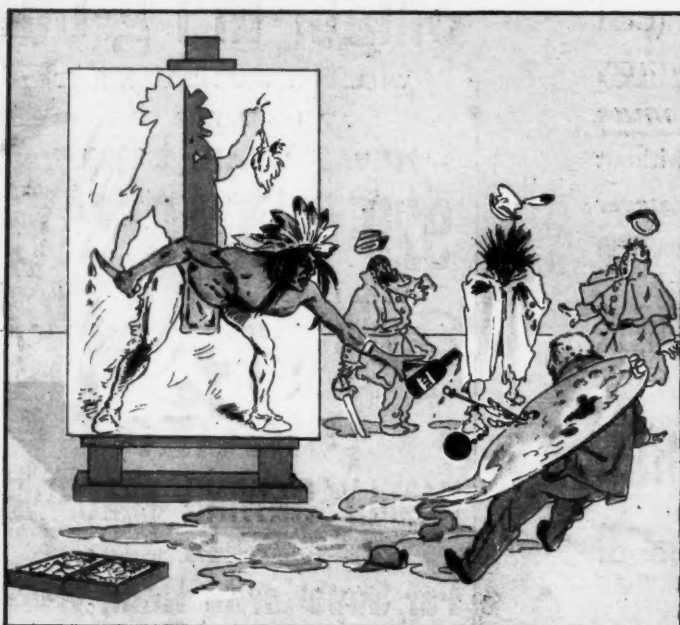
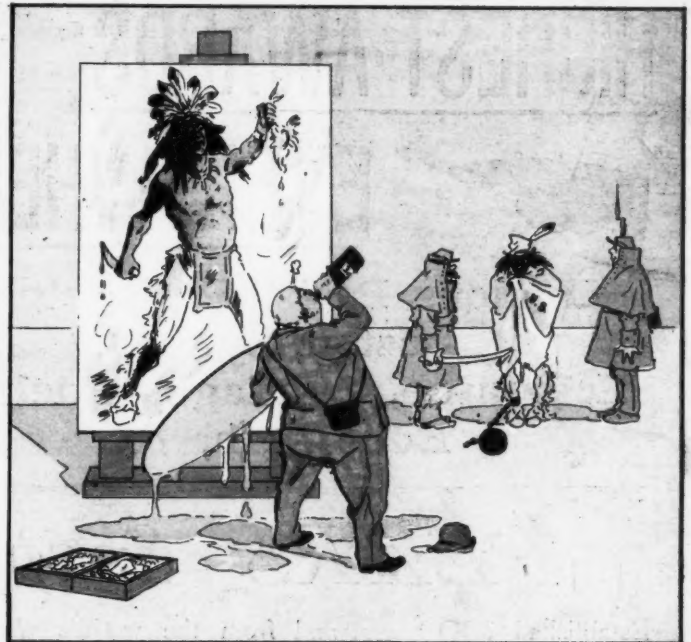
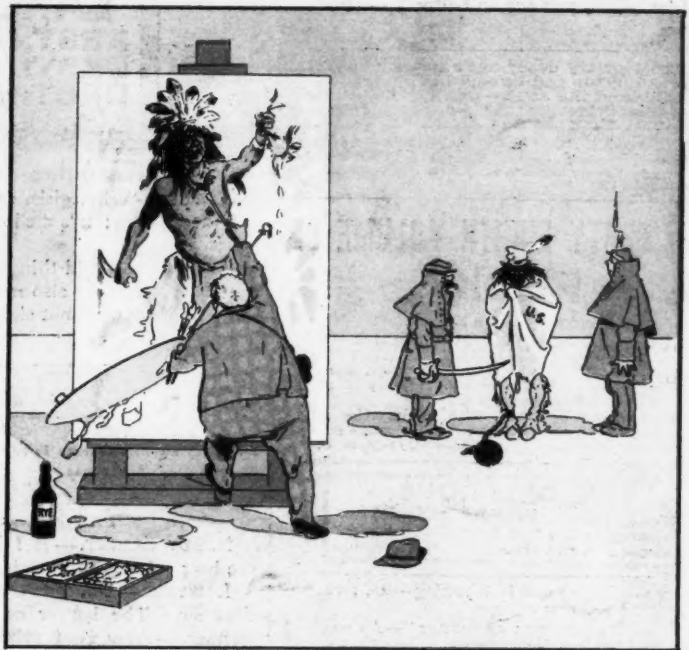
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